In Society.

(Continued from Page Sixteen.)

early hour, and then the fun of the evening began with numerous games, for which prizes were awarded. After the young people had tired of playing games and other amusements, a sumptuous supper was served. The birthday cake was cut and the usual pin, thimble and ring were cunningly hidden in the cake during its making, and the discovery of each of the hidden treasures caused plenty of fun. There were more than 50 little boys and girls present in honor of the anniversary of the natal day of Miss Anna.

Grand Worthy Patron S. C. Kenyon was agreeably surprised by a number of his friends last Saturday night. They came to his residence with refreshments and prepared for a pleasant evening, which they found no difficulty in finding. The surprise was for the purpose of congratulating Mr. Kenyon upon the honors bestowed on him by the grand lodge in Helena last week.

A promenade concert and dance will be given in the opera house in the course of a week or two for the benefit of the Bozeman brass band, which is in need of several new instruments. Tickets will be sold at a moderate price and refreshments are to be served in the rooms adjacent to the opera house. After the concert dancing will commence, and a general good time enjoyed by all. The event promises to be the affair of the season.

A quartette of young men of the city, L. L. Howard, Byron Story, Will Simms and Harry Howard, have arranged to furnish a room or two in the Tracy block in sumptuous style, with all the latest improvements in the way of whist tables, electric lights and other conveniences incident to a modern club for gentlemen. They have already named the club the "Kachi Kami" Whist club. They intend giving whist parties every week during the winter months and a dance in connection once in a while.

The Baptist portion of the Christian Endeavor met at the residence of Mrs. Peet on Black street last Friday evening and gave a social entertainment in honor of the college students. A number of young folks attended and all report having had an excellent evening.

The opera house has been doing a good business for its manager, A. R. Cutting, this season. Although the troupes come every Saturday night, the busiest night of the week for many, better houses have witnessed the excellent performances than for some time past. The events will all come on Saturday during October, as they did in September.

Miss Georgia Lamme and her friend, Miss Weston, left on Wednesday for South Carolina for the winter, which will be spent at Miss Weston's home.

Miss Josie Cozard, niece of Mrs. Howard and cousin of Harry and Louis Howard, arrived on a visit on Friday. She came from Canyon City, Ore.

Sherman Phillips went to Butte on Friday last on business.

Miss Leah Morris and her father, W. W. Morris, returned to their home last Saturday, after a few days' visit in Bozeman.

Mrs. James E. Martin, Miss Julia Martin and James Martin, jr., left on Wednesday morning for Omaha to visit the exposition, and then they will make a short stay in the East and visit friends.

Mrs. E. M. Gardner left on Wednesday morning in company with Mrs. James E. Martin for the exposition at Omaha and other points East.

Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Holloway returned from a visit to Butte in Wednesday.

A. I. Walrath, formerly county superintendent of schols of Gallatin county, and later principal of the Great Falls public schols, left on Wednesday for Ann Arbor university, Michigan, to enter the law school.

W. M. Fergus of Whitehall was in the city on Saturday on a short visit.

George Van Fleet came up from Big Timber on Saturday night to visit his wife, who is spending a few weeks with her relatives.

Mrs. W. O. Cowan and family left for Kentucky last Thursday.

C. C. Wylie of Helena was in the city last week for a day or two.

Mrs. Farr left for St. Louis on Monday night, after spending several days with Mr. and Mrs. Sherman Philips.

B. T. Hathaway of Great Falls was registered at the Bozeman on Tuesday.

W. W. Humphrey of Monida was in the city on Monday of this week.

N. J. Malin of Livingston was in the city on Tuesday on business.

Miss Josie McCloud returned from Virginia City this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm McLeod of Manhattan were in the city on Tuesday shopping.

Walter Alderson of Rock crek was in the city on Sunday.

C. Clapp of Minneapolis, Minn., has accepted a position with Nelson Story & Co. in the mill.

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Wylie returned on Thursday evening from their summer's work in the park, together with all their rigs and wagons.

Mrs. James Keown, accompanied by her mother, Mrs. Bowers, returned from the park with the Wylie rigs on Thursday, and will remain the winter in Bozeman.

man.

Mrs. Boyles returned home from the park on Thursday.

Mrs. Lester S. Willson has been very sick this week, but is recovering slowly.

The biennial fair of the Episcopal church will be given some time in December of this year. The ladies of the guild are working hard already making knick knacks, clothes and fancy work for the coming event. These fairs are always a success and are largely patronized by people from the outside as well as by the congregation.

Miss Harnish, who has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Braten for several weeks, left on Tuesday for Hastings, Minn.

A PURE GRAPE CREAM OF TARTAR POWDER

DR. PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER

Awarded
Highest Honors, World's Fair
Gold Medal, Midwinter Fair

NEW THEORY OF MARS' CANALS.

Astronomer Burnham Thinks That They Have Been Mistaken.

While Sherburne Wesley Burnham, who is only one of Chicago's astronomers, but perhaps the most distinguished of them all, professes to have no very definite and unalterable opinion as to whether the planet Mars has artificial canals or not that can be seen from this earth, he yet does not hesitate to say that Schiaparelli, who first thought he saw them, was unfortunate in the name he gave them. A canal on our earth is a thing made by human hands, and when canals are declared to be on Mars the idea is perforce carried that they, too, were constructed by beings that must have some resemblance to man. This was not Schiaparelli's idea, or if it ever once occurred to his mind he never insisted on it. He did see on Mars lines that suggested canals, and hence he named them canals, but how they came to be there, what their use is, and all that, he did not say nor pretend to know. Mr. Burnham, while deferring somewhat to the opinion of other astronomers who have given more attention to the subject than he has yet been able to give it, inclines to the opinion that if the name "canal" had not been applied to Schiaparelli's discovery observers that followed him would have been a long time in coming to the conclusion that artificial canals are on Mars that can be seen from this earth.

Mr. Burnham admits that great interest attaches to the subject, even in the minds of skeptical astronomers, and far greater interest has it for unscientific people. There is so strong a probability that some of the other planets are inhabited by intelligent and working beings and so taking is the notion that mankind has a race cousin dwelling on Mars, that whenever the possibility of this is suggested men and women of all degrees of enlightenment eagerly hope that it all may be true. In the United States, latterly, rather more of popular interest is taken in the subject than in Europe, by reason of the recent studies and delightful writings of Mr. Lowell. He seems to require no further or better evidence than he has already discovered that the Martian canals are artificial. From his tower of telescopic observations at Flagstaff, Ari., he may yet discover further evidence which will be sufficient to convince everybody.

But there are other American writers than Mr. Lowell on the subject, and the very latest is the author of "Astronomy" in the "Useful Stories Series" published by D. Appleton & Co. This author accounts in a simple manner for the canals on Mars. In his opinion they were made in the course of long ages by water from the melting snow and ice around the poles distributing itself over the continents. That is his guess. But in Germany is another new guesser—Leo Brenner—who is out with a most interesting theory, which, if true, accounts in a quite human way for the canals.

Leo Brenner feels certain that Mars is inhabited by beings in some respects resembling ourselves. He recognizes this resemblance in what he calls the stupendous irrigation system of Mars. The amount of work expended on irrigation shows, in his view, that the inhabitants are very dissimilar to ourselves, since human beings would be incapable of performing such labor—or if not potentially incapable, conditions are such on this earth that it would never need to be performed, only in very limited sections. He believes that the people of Mars live in perpetual fear of a water famine, and that the network of canals wards off the danger. Of course, then, he believes that the canals are artificial, and in his publication recently made on the subject he attempts to explain away some difficulties that have been considered by many as insurmountable. He finds a reason why the supposed inhabitants of Mars should have dug canals of such extraordinary breadth, and why no mountain chains hindered the straight-lined direction of almost all the canals. Mars, he says, must be many hundreds of millions years older than the earth, and it is also considerably smaller, so that its surface must have become leveled up in the course of ages, the debris from the mountains gradually filling up the valleys until the surface has become a flat plain, a state of things to which our earth will ultimately attain. (This process of wearing down mountains and filling up valleys may be seen active anywhere between Western Nebraska and the Pacific ocean.) Then he assumes that the continents upon Mars resemble the flat country of Holland, and asserts that the inhabitants have to protect their shores by dams similar to those built by the Dutch. They have, therefore, built dams along their coasts, while at the same time they have tried to lead the sea water into the interior of the continents by means of waterways and canals. Fortunately for the inhabitants, after the dams are built the canals do not have to be dug, but let in the water and it will flow between the dams up and down the continent. And he explains the changed appearance from time to time of the network of canals by saying that when one of the larger canals has given up much water to the lesser ones it feeds it must become shallower and consequently fainter in appearance, and as soon as it gets more water from the sea it becomes darker and visible again.

Leo Brenner is a man of science and in good standing among the astronomers, and hence his theory respecting the Martian canals is attracting a good deal of attention. It is but a theory, of course, for nothing is absolutely known concerning the supposed inhabitants and canals upon Mars, and it is next to certain that nothing ever will be known. Some are looking forward to a time when larger or more powerful telescopes will be made and pointed at the heavens. At such a time, many are thinking, we shall be able to see important things on the planets that are now invisible. But this is not at all certain to come to pass. Mr. Burnham is of the opnion that the practical limit to the power of telescopes has been attained. Not that larger telescopes, with higher magnifying power, may not be constructed, but that our atmosphere presents difficulties.

Mr. Burnham is not, it should be said, specially interested in Mars, and it might be better to consult Mr. Lowell or some other man that is devoted to the subject. Chicago's most noted astronomer is a famous hunter of double stars, and he has catalogued more of these, by 100, than any other man. He is hunting still, for he makes a trip every other week to the Yerkes telescope at Geneva, and his looking is frequently rewarded by some new find. It is, therefore, but reasonable that he be inquired of concerning celestial objects, including Mars. The other day he was inquired of, the first question put to him being: "Do you think the canals upon Mars are artificial?" Answer: "We don't know that there are canals upon Mars." The next question was, "What degree of dissimilarity to ourselves is it possible the inhabitants of Mars possess?" Answer: "We don't know that there are inhabitants upon Mars." Thinking that he should not be allowed to escape so, his questioner followed him up with this: "Well, if there are inhabitants upon Mars is it probable that they have built canals that can be seen from this earth?" He got this for his pains: "My dear sir, you recall to my mind one of Lord Dundreary's droll questions, 'Does your brother like cheese?' 'I have no brother.' 'But if you had a brother would he like cheese?' Nothing, I repeat, is absolutely known about Mars' inhabitants, if it has any, nor about its canals, if it has them."—Chicago Chronicle.

MUSIC-LOVING ANIMALS

The South Street Dealer Calms Some With a Flute.

SOME OF THE LITTLE

Fellows, However, Music Seems to Annoy—Story of a Scientific Man Who Told Him That Snakes Never Die a Natural Death.

The exterior of the dingy little animal shop in South street gave no hint of the real nature of the place. In its one window an eye sufficiently strong to penetrate a thick mantle of dust and cobwebs could discern a few languid birds common to the window displays of numerous uptown shops of divers character and a pair of dirty, lackadaisical white rabbits nibbling at a wilted cabbage leaf. There were no savage or unusual sounds to disturb the idlers who sauntered in its vicinity or to indicate the presence of that caged ferocity which the visitor discovered on pushing aside the heavy, creaking door and groping his way into the dark interior of the shop.

His entrance was the signal for a frightful hubbub. Yells, shrieks, demoniacal laughter, yowls, howls, blubbers and blood-curdling roars from unseen sources smote upon the visitor's ear, deafening him by their unity, terrorizing him by their proximity. Trough this horrible pandemonium of sound ran the plaintive "tootle-tootle" of a flute, which died away in a gasping wail as the uproar continued and the player emerged from an abyss in the rear. As the visitor's eyes were becoming accustomed to the gloom he made out that the musician was a tall, excessively slender man, gray-haired, yellow and wrinkled as a shrivelled apple. His eyes were round, coal black and staring, and the hands which held the flute were long and gnarled and not unlike gigantic claws. He was a weird, sinister-looking creature, as remarkable in appearance as many of the shrieking animals which the visitor now perceived were grouped in cages on both sides of the long, dark shop. Near the entrance was a pair of marmosets, with weazen, human faces from the tangled groves of Brazil. Next to them were monkeys of all sorts and descriptions, some huge and repulsive, some evidently closely allied to the imps of the nether world, and some simply restless little vagabonds solely bent on mischief and fun. All were untamed, and the big, ugly fellows strove lustily to tear the arms of the visitor as he swept by their cages. On the opposite side was the long-nosed, shiftless ant-eater. His neighbor was a curled-up armadillo. In the same line was a pair of turbulent peccaries, a puma and a cage of torpid boa constrictors. Way down the shop was a doubly barred cage which contained a ferocious black panther, the bagheera of the Indian jungle. Adjoining was a caged brown bear, which, despite his loud roaring, seemed to be an amiable fellow and would improve on acquaintance.

"Well?" interrogated the musician, who turned out to be the proprietor, elevating his voice above the tempest.

"I want to talk"—— began the visitor.

"Talk? This is no place to talk," was the stentorian and fierce reply.

"But I want to talk animals," shouted the visitor.

"That's different," came back the megaphone retort. "Come with me." The tall man turned and led the way to a room in the rear of the shop and closed the door to shut out the noise, which subsided with their disappearance.

"It sets them creatures wild when a stranger comes in," said the proprietor, laying down his flute and motioning the visitor to a chair with a not over particularly gracious gesture. "I was a-tryin' to quiet 'em when you came in."

"How do you do it?" asked the visitor.

"Well, some of 'em I can keep still with this here instrument," answered the proprietor, indicating the discarded flute; "leastways, all but them infernal monkeys will answer to a few soft notes; but there ain't no power on earth can keep monkeys from jabberin' an' yellin'. You'd be surprised, no doubt," continued he, relaxing into something like geniality as the visitor produced and proffered cigars, "at the power o' music over some creatures. Take that black panther from India out there what's makin' all that row; I had 'im as gentle as a lamb before you came in an' started the circus agoin'. An' the brown bear—well, he dotes on the flute. It sets 'im a-goin' in no time. He gets into all sorts of funny shapes the moment I begin to play, an' fairly gives way to fits o' rejoicin', as I take his antics to be. But as for the monkeys, the macaws and parrots, the flute makes 'em wilder, although I'm not so sure that the parrots don't screech louder'n ever when they hear it just because they like it.

"But it's the little animals that music sets crazy," went on the proprietor, warming up to his subject, "'specially the valuable rats and mice. Little white rats will dance an' cut capers whenever I play. If you don't believe it, I will prove my words."

Without waiting to hear the visitor's protests, the proprietor re-entered the dark shop and returned with a tiny cage in which were confined two snowy rodents, that is, they would have been snowy had they been washed. He set the cage on a table, took up his flute and began to play a melancholy dirge. For a moment the rodents paid no attention to the music, but soon they were moving uneasily about the cage, and one of them finally began to leap into the air with short, nervous little jumps. Both were leaping up and down in a minute and continued their strange capers until the proprietor laid down his flute. Thereupon they ceased their "dance," as he insisted upon calling it.

"It isn't only animals that likes music," asserted the proprietor, bringing to light a glass jar of the pattern used generally for preserves. "There are lots an' lots o' insects which act just as rats an' mice do when they hear soft strains o' melody. No animal likes brass instruments, so far as my own observations is concerned, but they take mightily to the flute an' wiolin. In this bottle I've got a Florida tarantula, as you will notice. He's big, you see, an' capable of poisoning a whole family. I want you to watch him while I play."

The proprietor placed the glass jar in an advantageous light, and again took up the flute. The enclosed tarantula was certainly a formidable looking specimen, which seemed capable of bringing destruction to an entire family, as the proprietor said. He lay huddled at the bottom of the jar with scarcely a perceptible movement until the flute began, its dreary wail. As note after note poured into the air a change came over the big spider. His long, hairy legs shot in and out convulsively, and soon he was kicking and squirming about his limited quarters with might and main. As long as the music continued he went through his gymnastics, but when it ceased he again settled down at the bottom of the jar and remained motionless. Several times the proprietor repeated the tune, and at the each repetition the tarantula danced.

"Common house spiders will do the wery same thing," said the proprietor. "Catch one of 'em an' get a flute an' try it for yourself. I've never known 'em to fail to dance when the right kind of music was played."

"Does music have any effect upon snakes?" queried the visitor.

"Can't say for certain," was the reply. "Some fellows, mostly show fakirs, claim that it does, but I've never noticed it here in the shop. Speakin' of snakes reminds me of a conwersation I had some time ago with a showman who is doin' a great turn with all sorts o' poisonous serpents. This feller sits in a cage surrounded by his happy family o' reptiles, an' after the crowd of jays has gathered round he begins to pick 'em up, string 'em across his lap, an' handle 'em in apparently a reckless way. But he told me there warn't nothin' reckless at all about the business. Says he to me, he says: 'It's as easy as rollin' off a log to do this snake turn. I get a-hold of 'em when they're little bits o' fellers an' get 'em used to seein' me around. Of course some of 'em are poisonous, but they can be handled just as safely as them as isn't. When I pick up the poisonous snakes from the floor o' the cage an' string 'em across my knees, I seem to do it careless like, but I don't. I let my hand fall down in an easy, circlin' fashion, just like the snakes move themselves and pick 'em up by their necks, just back of the head. They never offer to bite me. 'Cause why? For the simple reason I never agitate 'em. I'm always soft an' easy an' careful not to touch 'em at all hard. The only reason snakes bite people when they are handled is because they grab 'em up an' hurt 'em. All a snake knows in the world is just enough to get mad, an' when he's mad he wants to bite.'

"It's not often I get hold of a poisonous snake here. Most I carry in stock are constrictors, which are always in demand by the circus and side show folks. Constrictors are the easiest things in the world to handle, an' they don't give no trouble. They sell for from $50 to $250, accordin' to their size. It's right expensive to feed 'em, for they must have live stuff. As long as you don't excite 'em they lay perfectly quiet an' are as peaceful as lambs. It's funny, though, when some of the animals are brough here off of the ships an' catch their first glimpse of the constrictors it scares 'em into conniption fits, an' it's two or three days afore they get over their fright an' settle down to enjoy the peace and harmony o' the shop. All animals, as well as most men, dread snakes. They seem to know how terrible a hungry constrictor can be.

"Big snakes have a fascination for lots of people in New York. It would astonish you to know how many folks trot down here just to gaze at my collection of constrictors. They'll stand before the cage for almost hours just watchin' those slugggish creatures sleepin' an' sleepin'. There is one old gentleman who comes here. He is a—a scientist, I think you call it. Do you know what he told me t'other day? Why, he looked at that biggest snake o' mine, an' he says to me, says he, 'That snake is wery likely 1,000 years old. There's a constrictor in the zoological garden in London, an' he's 60 feet long an' his age is estimated to be 3,000 years. This snake is about half his size, so I'm sure he's at least 1,000 years old.'

"Of course I hear all kinds o' jay talk from those that don't know nothin' about animals, but when he said that, an' I knew the old gent to be wery particular in his choice o' words, you could have keeled me over with a feather.

"Says I to him, says I, 'Profess, what makes you think this constrictor, apart from his size, could live to such an age as that?' Says he to me, he says, 'Because the destruction o' tissue in a snake is equalized by its addition.' Them's his words, for I made him write 'em down for me so's to rattle 'em off by heart. And then he went on to say that no one had o' a snake dyin' a natural death, which was right, accordin' to my own experience. They just naturally live on an' on until some one or something up an' kills 'em. A snake was growin' bigger an' bigger all the time with his addition of tissue movin' along with his waste an' keepin' up to the pace all right, he says, and it was reasonable to believe that there was snakes hundreds of feet long miles below the surface of the sea, which had been born long before there was such a thing as a man on the face o' the globe, an' that in Java snakes had been killed that must have been 10,000 years old. In fact, says the profess, a snake's life would go on forever if it warn't for the pesky accidents an' snake hunters. I told him that, accordin' to his idea, the snake what tempted Eve in the Garden of Eden might still be on earth, an' he said it was more'n likely."

"Do you sell many wild animals to persons who wish to make pets of them?" asked the visitor.

"Piles of them," answered the proprietor, with a sweep of his arm intended illustrate the vastness of his transactions in this particular trade. "Why I ship young bears, ant-eaters, peccaries, jaguars, and even panthers all over the country to private folks who have a notion for such things. Sometimes I get an order for a "happy family' collection, an' power to use my own judgment in the matter. When the war was going on I was rushed with orders for eagles; everybody, an' I'm not includin' the showmen, who fairly cried for 'em, were demandin' 'em. I did manage to skirmish 'round an' get hold of three, an' they sold for fancy prices, I'm a-tellin' you.

"What the demand among private New Yorkers is for at present is alligators. Singular taste, isn't it? I have a good many sent up to me all the time from Florida, for they die quickly unless they are properly handled. If you ever get one as a pet get a 'gator about a foot and a half long, an' the chances are you can raise 'im all right. The trouble with most folks is they get the little bits o' fellers, an' they soon die off 'cause they don't know how to feed. But a 'gator of the size I mentioned is big enough to take food when it's handed him, which should be twice a week, an' feed 'im in the water, for he is a perfect fool at any age, an' don't know enough to snap up his provender from land."—New York Sun.

A Dog Deserter Returns After the Armistice.

From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

"Maybe you remember, Harry, Troop K's shepherd dog? Well, people who saw us drill at the horse show last fall do, for the dog took part in the drill and created quite a small sensation by the way he obeyed the commands given the men. Harry went to Tampa and from there to Santiago with the men. He stayed with the troop after we landed until the day we got in the fight on San Juan hill. Then he disappeared. Three hours after we had been engaged one of the wounded men from K saw the dog back in the creek, lying in the water, where he was protected by a high bank. Overhead the bullets were whistling, and every time a shell or shrapnel came whistling and hissing by he crouched lower in the water. Next day, when the fighting was over, he came back on the firing line within an hour after the flag of truce was seen. If that wasn't a case of deserting in the face of the enemy I don't know it. When the fighting was resumed again he disappeared and did not get back until the armistice was declared.

"Other dogs belonging to the different regiments did not fare as well as our deserter. The mascot of the 6th cavalry was a fine bulldog. He was wounded in the jaw and for a time was thought to be beyond hope. He got better before the 6th started back. But he stayed behind. Orders were issued compelling the men to leave their pets behind. One of the 3d's men had been detailed to act as clerk at General Wheeler's headquarters. He managed to smuggle the dog on board the Olivette, and so he got through to Montauk Point. He'll be back with the regiment."

ON SALE MONDAY MORNING FROM 8 TO 11

Teasledown Flannelette — Best grade manufactured, all pretty, light stripes; value 12½c yd.; 8 to 11 a. m. at — 5c

White Cotton Blankets — Full 10-4 size, with pretty, fancy colored borders; value 50c a pair; 8 to 11 a. m. at — 29c

Fancy Silkolines — In assorted large designs, 36 inches wide, extra quality; value 12½c a yd.; 8 to 11 a. m. at — 5c

Dress Goods — A large line of wool fabrics in all the new patterns and colorings; value 35 to 50c a yd.; 8 to 11 a. m. — 19c

China Silk — In all shades of plain colors, 22 inches wide, very good quality; value 40c a yd.; 8 to 11 a. m. at — 25c

Black Silks — Handsome black brocaded gros grain silks of excellent quality, very wide; value 90c a yd.; 8 to 11 a. m. at — 39c

Symons' Monday Offerings

AUTUMN SALES IN FULL SWING ALL OVER THE STORE—SWARMING COUNTERS—CROWDED SHELVES.

The Throngs of Keen, Shrewd Cash Buyers Finding Complete Satisfaction in the Many Bargain Chances Always to Be Found Here Are Advertising This Store as a Money Saving Establishment.

ON SALE MONDAY AFTERNOON FROM 2 TO 5

Pillow Case Lace — From 1 to 3 inches wide, good quality; worth 5c a yd.; 2 to 5 p. m. at — 1c

Hemstitched Sheets — Of very best quality sheeting, size 81x90; worth 90c each; 2 to 5 p. m. at — 49c

Hemstitched Pillow Cases — Of very best quality sheeting, size 42x45; worth 20c each; 2 to 5 p. m. at — 10c

Fancy Challies — In silk and wool effects, 32 inches wide, all pretty styles; worth 40c a yd.; 2 to 5 p. m. at — 9c

Black Duchesse Satin — 24 inches wide, guaranteed all silk, fine grade and good weight; worth $1 a yd.; 2 to 5 p. m. at — 59c

Flannel Waists — Made with yoke and detached collar, all colors, pure wool; worth $1.25 each; 2 to 5 p. m. at — 59c

CLOAK DEPARTMENT

Children's Elderdown Cloaks — In heavy weights, trimmed with Angora fur, well lined; worth $1.25 each; on sale Monday at — 69c

Children's Elderdown Cloaks — In shades pink and cardinal, trimmed with Angora fur, all wool; worth $2.25 each; on sale Monday at — $1.45

Children's Reefers — Made with capes, trimmed with fancy braids, all heavy goods, in dark colors, ages 4 to 12 years; worth $3 each; on sale Monday at — $1.00

Children's Reefers — Of dark check worsted, with pleated back and front and braided cuffs and capes, ages 4 to 12; worth $4 each; on sale Monday at — $1.59

Cloth Capes — 25 double cloth capes, with braid and fur trimmings, in black only; worth $2 each; on sale Monday at — 79c

Plush Capes — Of best waterproof plush, 24 inches long, full sweep, braided and fur trimmed; worth $8.75 each; on sale Monday at — $4.50

Fur Capes — Of real French Coney fur, 30 inches long, lined with fine, heavy satin; worth $15 each; on sale Monday at — $7.00

Fancy Fur Capes — Made with Astrachan yokes and trimmed with fur tails, full 24 inches long; this is an extremely handsome garment; worth $20 each; on sale Monday at — $12.50

LADIES' FALL JACKETS

We show the largest assortment in the state, 900 swell new garments to select from. Our entire line on special sale Monday. We can show you a saving of $3 to $15 on every garment.

Fur Jackets — Of best Astrachan or Electric Seal furs, made with double storm collar, lined and finished like the real seal garments, 22 inches long; worth $65 each; on sale Monday at — $35.00

DRESS SKIRTS

In Silks, Serges, Crepons, Boucle and Cheviot Materials. Our Line is Complete.

Silk Dress Skirts — Of handsome black brocaded gros grain silk in large designs, made up in good styles; worth $7.50 each; on sale Monday at — $3.65

Sateen Underskirts — Of extra grade black sateen, with deep corded ruffle; worth 85c each; on sale Monday at — 39c

Black Ostrich Plumes — An extra special value; 12 dozen fine plumes, 9 inches long, very full and fluffy; worth 50c each; on sale Monday at — 15 cents

MILLINERY DEPARTMENT

Our Opening was a success, decidedly a success. We had the pleasure of showing our superb stock to many, many visitors and their unanimous opinion is that we showed more superb, clever creations than have ever before been seen in the city

TRIMMED HATS — All velvet covered, elegantly trimmed with wings and plumes, all swell styles; worth $6 each; on sale Monday at — $2.95

WALKING HATS — 100 assorted styles of felt hats in all colors; worth $1 each; on sale Monday at — 10c

Boys' Caps — We have just received a very fine assortment of boys' and children's caps, in all styles, including leather caps, soldier caps and countless other styles, at prices.. — 35c, 50c and 75c

CHILDREN'S FLANNEL DRESSES — Nicely made up and trimmed with ruffles and braids; worth 50c each; on sale Monday at — 25c

CHILDREN'S FINE DRESSES — We are showing a full line of ready-made dresses for children of all ages in cashmeres and flannels; all prices.

Symons — ECONOMISTS FOR THE PEOPLE

LADIES' FLANNELETTE NIGHT GOWNS — Of best grade Teasledown flannel, in pretty styles; worth $1.25 each; on sale Monday at — 75c

LADIES' WOOL UNDERWEAR — In derby-ribbed and flat weave, natural wool, good weight, extra quality; worth $1.25 each; on sale Monday at — 65c